

## CHARIVARIA.

THAT a Suffragette's proposal to enter a cage containing three lions, and while there to address an audience on Woman's Suffrage, should have been forbidden is not surprising. The curious point is that no protest came from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

\* \*

Whoever is looking after the war in the Near East appears to be very careless. Several battles have had to be put off owing to falls of snow, but the simple precaution of covering the ground with straw has not yet been taken.

\* \*

A domestic servant at Berwick has just woken up after a sleep of six days. One of these cheap alarm-clocks, we presume.

\* \*

The lunatic who recently posed as a magistrate took his seat, we are told, on the bench, and, when applicants came before him, "listened to them gravely." It was this slip which first aroused suspicion.

\* \*

A striking confirmation of Sir EDWARD CARSON's dictum, "Ulster will Fight," was given at a recent boxing contest at Belfast, where the spectators not only knocked down the winner of the competition and poured buckets of water over him, but also severely damaged a perfectly good referee.

\* \*

Inspector ARNOLD, after spending forty-nine years underground, is now coming up to live on a pension. "I don't know what I shall do," he says, "when I have to spend all day out on top. Give me smoke and smell." Londoners are justly incensed at the suggestion that these luxuries can only be obtained underground.

\* \*

Their civic pride is, however, soothed by the announcement of a French airman that, passing over London a thousand feet up, he knew where he was by the unpleasant smell.

\* \*

Little by little the gaps in the world's knowledge are being filled up. Mr. T. SEDGLEY, through the medium of *The Express*, states that he has found out that wasps can sting in February.

\* \*

Born near Bridgnorth in the early part of last Summer, a number of tadpoles have not yet become frogs; and a highly respected zoologist informs us that the retardation is due to insufficient food. What tadpoles hope

## PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE EVENT.

*(With apologies to our sprightly contemporaries who occasionally startle us with this kind of thing.)*



Josh Bloobs, the Staffordshire miner, who has just won 200,000 marks in a Bavarian lottery.

a thunderstorm—to find his home (uninsured) burnt to the ground—the dastardly Oskof—the only survivor.)

to gain by these foolish hunger-strikes we cannot understand.

\* \*

The New York authorities confirm ex-President CASTRO's statement that he has left America "merely for pleasure"—his own and theirs.

\* \*

It has been discovered that nearly all itinerant German musicians come from the villages of Wolfstein and Yettenbach, on the Rhine. We fear that the mawkish sentimentality of the public will prevent any arrangement being made for exterminating their instruments at one concerted swoop when they are all at home practising; but we confess that we toy wistfully with the idea.

\* \*

What Buttermilk Is. According to an evening paper, "buttermilk is the backbone of Ireland." This explains a good deal.

In the cloistered seclusion of Windsor, the headmaster of Eton has allowed himself to get a little behind the times. "The golf-course," he says, "is an admirable corrective of nervous tension. There is no unrest there." Clifford's Inn hums like a hive at the slight cast upon its activities.

\* \*

Just as we thought we had solved the problem of the tasteful yet inexpensive wedding-present, we are stunned by the information, in a daily paper, that the price of pythons has gone up £1 a foot.

From a review in *T.P.'s Weekly*—

"A charming book . . . If you have a friend who can appreciate really intimate and beautiful writing, buy it, and read it carefully word by word yourself."

Does your little boy appreciate really good chocolate? Buy some and eat it carefully stick by stick yourself.

## PENANCE.

[The dramatic critic reflects on the present decline in theatrical revenues, attributed in part to abstinence during Lent.]

SOME there are whom conscience tickles,  
Bidding pay their Lenten toll,  
Cut off sugar, jam and pickles,  
And renounce the wassail-bowl,  
Give the flesh to flagellation for the purging of the soul.  
  
Some elect to cope with vices  
Not concerned with food and drink,  
Practise social sacrifices,  
Fly the rag-time and the rink,  
Shun the carnal snares of coon-can or the ways of men in pink.  
  
Some prefer a mental bleeding,  
Close the novel's lurid page,  
Give up halfpenny-paper-reading  
And in heavier thought engage,  
Poring over cyclopedias or the works of saint and sage.  
  
Some, who love the footlights well, swear  
To eschew the ballet's ranks,  
Girls in Taxis.(ay, and elsewhere),  
And the boom in hustling Yanks,  
To abstain from STANLEY HOUGHTON and the homely life of Lancs.  
  
Thus, my Tompkins, you adapt your  
Thespian tastes to monkish fare,  
Exile from the Halls of Rapture,  
Where you breathed Elysian air,  
And the Great Renunciation's almost more than you can bear.  
  
Much I praise your self-denial,  
Spurning joys to which you're wed;  
But, for me, it were no trial,  
I'm so badly overfed,  
I should love this form of fasting and could do it on my head.

O. S.

## THE S.P.I.K.S.A.

VITELLIUS has been a little off colour again, and though it matters very little to Vitellius, it matters a good deal to us. When Vitellius is dead—he is an Irish terrier with the least touch, so the gossips say, of Airedale in him—when Vitellius has assumed the title of *divus*, the chronicler will have to record that one of the most beautiful traits of his character was that the incidents of a Channel crossing could have no terrors for him; he was hardened to such tests by almost daily use. But just at present, of course, we are not crossing the Channel; we are in a very small flat, and it is rather tiresome. Vitellius came to us with the generic name of Cæsar, but we could not rest satisfied until we had determined to which of the wearers of the purple he bore most resemblance. Hesitating for some time over NERO and HELIOGABALUS, we gave the vote at last to that stout *bon-vivant*, the successor of GALBA. We were certain almost from the beginning that it was not MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. I do not mean to suggest, of course, that Vitellius is anything of an epicure, and I believe that nightingales' tongues would be absolutely lost on him; but with the things that do happen to tickle his palate his appetite is only equalled by his calm but often untimely submission to the pangs of Nemesis.

The official food of Vitellius is dog-biscuit, broken up and mixed with a very little gravy; and there are nights when he will look up at us with a winning smile, wag his tail,

and make some pretence of doing justice to the feast. "I know you two dear good people want me to eat this stuff," is, I fancy, what he would say if he could. "Here am I, tired out after a long day's work—two pieces of decayed fish, some offal from the butcher's shop, and several of those nice little sugar-cakes in the flat below; but I am a good fellow, after all, and unselfish. I will do my best to please you." But even this, unhappily, is not often. As a rule he sniffs casually at the banquet, and then sits up with shining eyes in an attitude of expectant prayer. "A pleasant toy of yours," he confesses. "But now let us turn to dinner." Let it not be supposed, however, that Vitellius's teeth are faulty. Far from it.

Thomas, who gave him to us, and who rather fancies himself about dogs, came and looked at him one day and said, "That creature's coat is in pretty bad condition; you ought to give him more exercise." "We do," I said; "come out for a walk now." Thomas had a rather nice cane walking-stick, and he was wearing light fawn-coloured spats. I persuaded him to throw his stick into a pond for Vitellius to retrieve. After a long healthy swim in every possible wrong direction the emperor found the stick, brought it to land, put it down, shook himself, rolled carefully in the mud, came and pawed Thomas's spats, returned to the stick, galloped about with it in circles for three-quarters of an hour, and then lay down and ate it.

But I should not mind if it were only Thomas's walking-sticks. There is no ruffian in the street so poor that Vitellius will not beg a greasy crust from him; and since, by a strange fantasy, he regards all the flats in our block as rooms in a single house, he is always dropping in on their occupiers and sitting up to a hearty tea of muffins and cake. And then, next morning, he will steal softly away into the drawing-room and—behave as if he were at sea.

That is why I wish to found the S.P.I.K.S.A. The Society for the Prevention of Indiscriminate Kindness to Strange Animals will, of course, be useless unless it is assisted by an Act of Parliament. But when once that is passed there will be uniformed inspectors who will take the name and address of anyone they see giving food to a strange dog in the streets or elsewhere. Then they will communicate with the owner of the dog, and he will be entitled to prosecute. The penalties for offenders convicted at the instance of the S.P.I.K.S.A. will be very severe. For the first offence a fine of two guineas will be inflicted; for the second there will be a sentence of two months' hard labour. But it will not be the usual kind of hard labour; prisoners will be compelled to turn out at 5 A.M. every day and feed a growing dog on half-a-dozen sugar-buns and a large mutton-bone with plenty of meat on it. After that they will exercise the dog up and down the prison-yard until such time as he sees fit to eat a hard dry biscuit for his supper. There will, I think, be no third conviction under the auspices of the new society.

## An Explanation.

"The whole of the available public space in the court was occupied. Those present in court included Mr. G. K. Chesterton."

*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

No more need be said.

From a quoted review, in a book-catalogue, of *Liverpool and the Mersey* :—

"Mr. Scott has fine powers of expression, and in such a passage as that in which he describes the appearance of the poet when seen by an approaching steamer, he rises to a high level."

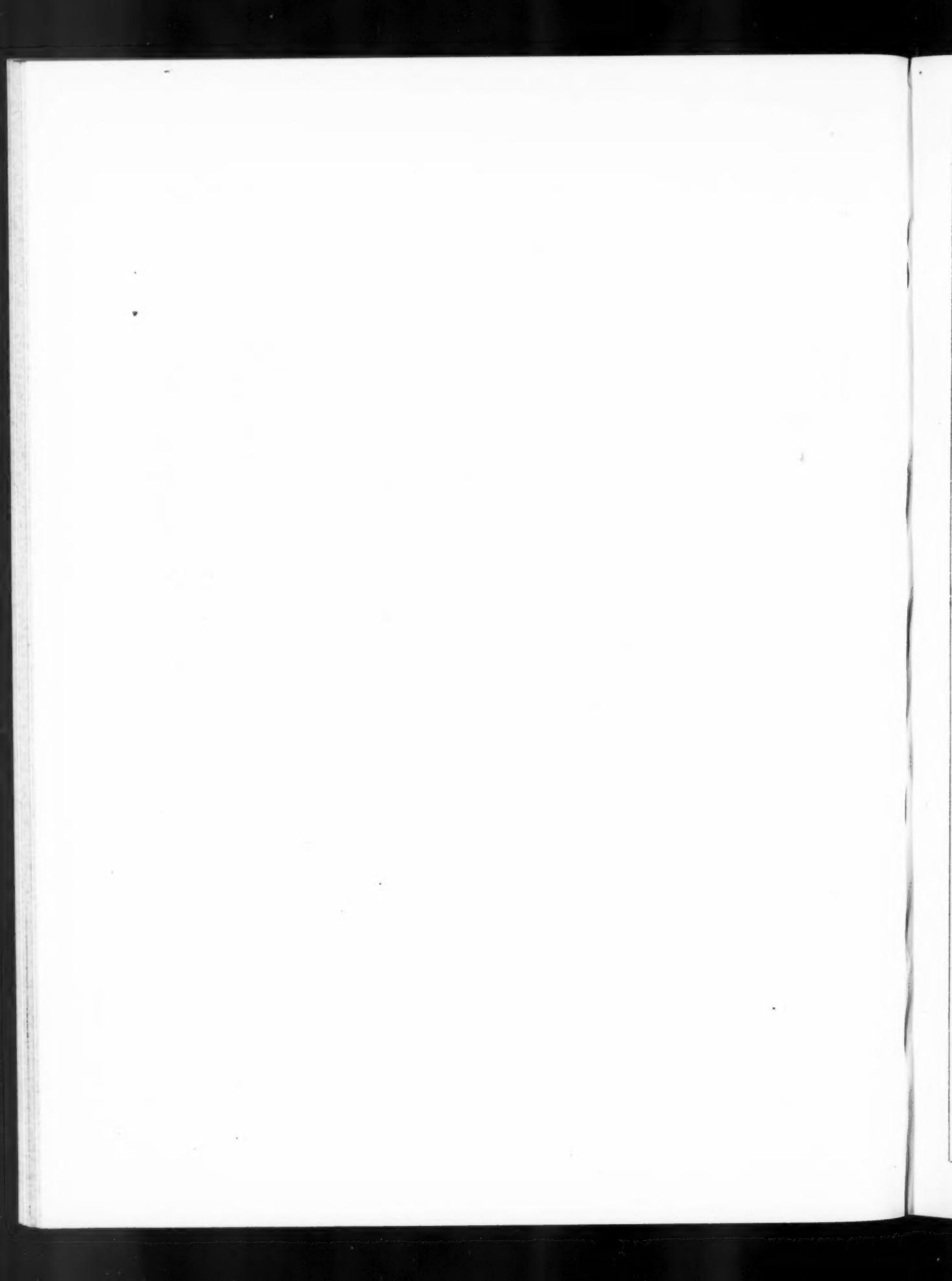
It almost compares with our "First Glimpse of Mr. WATTS-DUNTON at Putney from a Penny Steamboat"—now out of print.



“LES BEAUX ESPRITS—”

RUSSIAN BEAR. “A VERY HAPPY THOUGHT HAS JUST OCCURRED TO ME. WHAT ABOUT KEEPING THE PEACE?”

AUSTRIAN EAGLE. “MY DEAR FELLOW, I DON’T WANT TO DEPRIVE YOU OF THE CREDIT OF THIS BRILLIANT IDEA, BUT THE VERY SAME NOTION HAD ALSO OCCURRED TO ME ONLY A MOMENT AGO.”





THE LATEST THINGS IN PETS SKETCHED (TO THE BEST OF HIS ABILITY) FROM LIFE BY OUR ARTIST AT MONTE CARLO.

## LONDON IS SO BRACING.

*THE DAILY TELEGRAPH*, in an article on the L.C.C. elections, says, "London has a bill of health of which any holiday-resort might be proud—and people from the other parts of the Empire and from the provinces visit the Metropolis not only because it is attractive, but because it is remarkably healthy."

Mr. Punch suggests a daily parallel column to "Health and Sunshine," and he offers his contemporary a first instalment:—

**HACKNEY-SUPER-MARSH.**—The glorious weather of the past fifteen years still prevails. Thousands of people pour into this district by the return business trains each evening. The N.E. wind has been much welcomed, coming straight from the North Sea over East Anglia and the Bone Works. The inducements of Hackney as a pleasure resort will be seen by the following figures:—

February sunshine . . . 200 hours.  
rainfall . . . 4 pints.

No fog has been experienced during the whole month.

**BLUE LION.** COMF. SAL. BAR. BLLRDS.

**HAMMERSMITH.**—This favoured resort is still rejoicing in the reports of unprecedented warmth and dryness which are issued by the public-spirited local

council. While London generally—and particularly the East London pleasure resorts—have suffered from an abnormally gloomy winter, the statistics below will show the happy lot of this sunny little nook in the West. Prospective holiday-makers will note the very remarkable sunshine figures:—

February sunshine . . . 250 hours.  
" rainfall . . . Nil.

No trace of mist was recorded during the month.

**CEME. 6 ACRES. COMP. TERMS MOD.**

**SOUTHWARK.**—The construction of the new Paul's Bridge should greatly increase the tourist traffic to this charming old riparian cathedral city.

Delightful weather was (as usual, of course) experienced yesterday. The river foreshore forms a fascinating resort for fashionable visitors, who seek at the ebb for stranded treasure. Added zest has been given to their quest by the prize offered by *The Daily News* for any relics of the steamers wrecked by the Moderates.

**BEAU RIVAGE. FINEST POS. EUROPE. CLOSE FRSRHE. CASINO. 6d. per night.**

**HOLLOWAY.**—Magnificent weather continues in this quiet little spot, where the Castle Hydro is patronised more for its rest cure than for the feverish gaieties of other resorts.

Visitors soon fall in with the simple regimen that everyone follows—early rising and retiring—plain cuisine—abstention from stimulants—unconventional costume—and avoidance of restless excursions. It is a tribute to the place that many habitués return year after year.

**THE LORD ROWTON ARMS.**  
SPEC. TERMS BED AND BRKFST.

**MARYLEBONE.**—The radiant weather continues, with a complete absence of Mistrals, Fohns, Monsoons, and Mizzles. 37,119 visitors arrived yesterday, by rail and 'bus, etc., and 37,117 departed, making an increase of two.

The season, however, culminates in April, when the Cup Tie brings thousands of fashionable travellers, who find more allurement in the charming refreshment resorts handy to the Termini than in prolonging their journey to Sydenham. Short excursions are however numerous, notably to view the monumental masons' yards in the Euston Road.

**HÔTEL TUSSAUD.**  
ACCOM. FOR CROWNED HEADS.

**Little Known Habits of the Sphinx.**

"But we now know that, sphinx-like, he only disappeared to rise again."

*Manchester Evening News.*

## ONE MORE CHAPTER

(*Being a suggested finale to Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON's vivid and suggestive work, "The Victorian Age in Literature".*)

THE most curious and inspiring manifestation of the Victorian Age has been left to the last, but it is, of course, perfectly obvious to the simplest person that the last is really first. Until the appearance of this portent, what had been lacking in the Victorians was, in a word, self-consciousness. They were like a huge and prosperous business concern which, when the end of the year comes and stock-taking is necessary, has no one capable of performing that tedious but needful operation. They were like a millionaire who has no arithmetic. The money is there, but he cannot tell how much it is; the scrip is there, but he does not know its value.

It is given to some firms to go on quite happily without taking stock; and it is given to some millionaires to rest content with dividends and make no enquiries as to capital. But England is not always like that. England has a genius for complacency, but it also has a genius for anxiety. Its genius for complacency is fairly steady; its genius for anxiety is sporadic. Everyone with a grain of observation must have noticed now and then that, in the terrible slang of the man on the 'bus, we get into the grip of a don't-know - where - he - are - ishness. Periodically this want of direction, this ignorance of the meaning of life, has been terrifically apparent in our little island, but never more so than towards the end of what for convenience in this book has been called the Victorian Age, although as a matter of fact the really salient thing about the Victorian Age was its habit of borrowing from other ages.

At the end of that remarkable era of poets with one leg shorter than the other a feeling of unrest came to be evident, which can be best expressed by the statement that England was looking for a prophet, or not perhaps so much a prophet as a lamp or star of guidance. Perfectly equipped to go, she was unaware of the way. She was like a first-class pedestrian with knapsack and staff all complete but no map. She was like the captain of a superb liner who has lost his compass. She was like the inspired picture by

FRED BARNARD (that neglected genius) of the yokel holding a lantern over the sundial to see the time. She knew that time was somewhere hidden there, but she did not know how to educe it. Even more so, perhaps, was she like a motor-car absolute in every part and ready for everything but with no member of the party capable of acting as chauffeur. It was then at that critical moment that the man arrived, forced, as foolish old Taine in his only wise remark expressed it, out of space by the sheer demand of his time.

It was, in a word, peculiarly CHESTERTON's mission to explain and account for. Every one has heard of

the veil. It was under CHESTERTON that England at last realised where she was. He made it all enormously clear.

## RAG-TIME AMONG THE POETS.

FAMILIARITY is said to breed contempt. One hesitates to say that it does that in the case of the best poetry, but it certainly rather dulls the edge of pleasure. In other words we can know poems so well that their freshness wears off. And that is where rag-time, the great antiseptic, comes in; for by its aid all poetry, however trite, can be made new. Take, for example, SOUTHEY's famous lyric, "The Battle of Blenheim." Most persons are, perhaps justly, tired of the form in which we learned it—

"It was a summer's evening,  
Old Kaspar's work was done,"

and so forth. But apply the method of "Dixie," with a little help from "Everybody's Doing It," and you get a totally new and invigorating poem. Thus:—

It was a sum-  
It was a sum-  
Mer's evening, and old Kaspar's work  
It was done, it was done, it was done;  
And he before  
And he before  
His cottage door was sitting there  
In the sun, in the sun, in the sun.  
And by him sported on the  
Green, on the green, on the green,  
His little little grandchild, sweet Irene.

(The name is, of course, Wilhelmine, but rag-time must have a dissyllabic Irene in it, every time.)

The monotony of the stanza in "The Daffodil Fields," Mr. MASEFIELD's latest joy-ride on Pegasus, has been commented upon. With a little skilful syncopation even that poem might be made cheerful and bright. Try it.

## East is East and West is West.

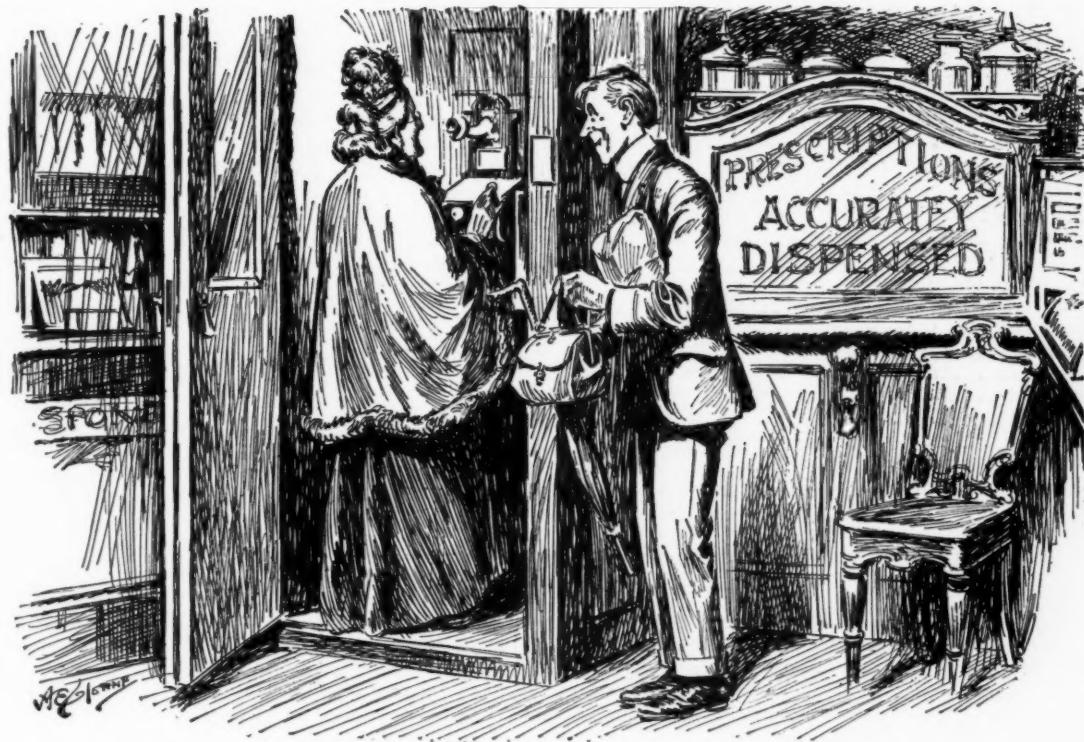
"NIGERIAN DURBAR

STRIKING SPECTACLE IN EAST AFRICA." And this from the high-priest of Empire, *The Pall Mall Gazette*!

The *Salome* craze seems to have already reached Tasmania, where, according to *The Hobart Mercury*, an Independent Candidate (whose independence would appear to extend to matters of history) told the electorate that "the Liberal Government reminded him of the daughter of Herodotus, who for dancing before Pilate asked as reward for the head of John the Baptist on a charger." This is one of the few good stories of his day that HERODOTUS somehow missed.



McSlaughter (the great). "WELL, THAT'S 8 UP AND 7."  
A. Worm, Esq. (pathetically). "WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE  
TO WIN A MATCH?"



*Dear Old Lady (using call-office telephone for the first time, to operator at the Exchange). "AND AS YOU'VE BEEN SO NICE AND ATTENTIVE, MY DEAR, I'M PUTTING AN EXTRA PENNY IN THE BOX FOR YOURSELF."*

#### FOLLOWING PRECEDENT.

ENTENTE-CORDIALITY is in the air. One of the first acts of the new American President, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, was to send a friendly letter across the Mexican border couched in the following terms, which seem to have an air of familiarity to us, we cannot think how. It was no fault of President Taft's successor if anything went wrong with the document. We subjoin the text:—

MM. les Présidents, great and good (but somewhat too numerous) friends, I desire to address to you my congratulations and best wishes on the occasion of your election to the highest and most precarious office that your country can offer, and this I do most heartily quite irrespective of the brevity of your reign. Being desirous of adding a further proof of my sincerity I am pleased to confer upon you my Order of the Canned Eagle, a quantity of the insignia of which accompanies this letter, sufficient, I hope, to go round. Accept, MM. les Présidents, good and great, if transitory, friends, the assurance of our complete esteem and high consideration.

Your good Friend, WOODROW.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson has not as yet received any reply, the accredited reason being that his letter occasioned such a sanguinary *mélée* among the addressees that no one was left alive to respond to it.

#### LATEST CUCKOO LORE.

(*The extraordinarily early advent of the cuckoo this year has not escaped the attention of Mr. Punch's nature correspondents.*)

A VERACIOUS correspondent sends us a remarkable account of the conduct of a cuckoo in Kew Gardens. It has been observed on several occasions to visit early nests of thrushes and starlings. After each visit the nest was found torn in fragments. It is conjectured by our correspondent (an eminent naturalist) that the female bird is disgusted that the male bird should alone enjoy the privilege of song and feels that its own claims to equality of voice will never be recognised unless and until it proves them by an exhibition of violent and revolutionary behaviour.

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC (the famous Sussex naturalist) reports that there is an extraordinary alteration in the cry

of the cuckoo this season. Instead of its customary call of "Cuck-oo," every time he has heard it the bird has said "Jew-jew."

Our Bishop's Waltham correspondent announces that the Smallholders' Association of the district are offering a reward of 10s. for every dead cuckoo. The Association declares that the damage to crops done by the local hunt is infinitesimal compared with that done by photographers, cinematographers, and newspaper correspondents in pursuit of the evasive early cuckoo. One farmer complains that a *Daily Mirror* correspondent, in his endeavours to get a snap-shot of a rook in the act of cuckooing, spoilt no less than half an acre of winter wheat.

A correspondent writes from the Army and Navy Club that there is only one explanation of the cuckoo's early arrival this year. As the air in France and Germany is so crowded with army dirigibles and aeroplanes that a cuckoo cannot cuck in peace, it is only natural that the timid bird should come to England, where there is not the slightest risk of its flights being checked by collision with anything in Colonel SEELY'S Aerial department.

## WINTER SPORT.

## V.—A TAILING PARTY.

THE procession prepared to start in the following order:

(1) A brace of sinister-looking horses.

(2) Gaspard, the Last of the Bandits; or, "Why cause a lot of talk by pushing your rich uncle over the cliff, when you can have him stabbed quietly for one franc fifty?" (If ever I were in any vendetta business I should pick Gaspard first.)

(3) A sleigh full of lunch.

(4) A few well-known ladies and gentlemen (being the cream of the Hôtel des Anglaises) on luges; namely, reading from left to right (which is really the best method—unless you are translating Hebrew), Simpson, Archie, Dahlia, Myra, me, Miss Cardew and Thomas.

While Gaspard was putting the finishing knots to the luges, I addressed a few remarks to Miss Cardew, fearing that she might be feeling a little lonely amongst us. I said that it was a lovely day, and did she think the snow would hold off till evening? Also had she ever done this sort of thing before? I forgot what her answers were.

Thomas meanwhile was exchanging badinage on the hotel steps with Miss Aylwyn. There must be something peculiar in the Swiss air, for in England Thomas is quite a respectable man . . . and a godfather.

"I suppose we *have* asked the right one," said Myra doubtfully.

"His young affections are divided. There was a third girl in pink with whom he breakfasted a lot this morning. It is the old tradition of the sea, you know. A sailor—I mean an Admiralty civilian has a wife at every wireless station."

"Take your seats, please," said Archie. "The horses are sick of waiting."

We sat down. Archie took Dahlia's feet on his lap, Myra took mine, Miss Cardew took Thomas's. Simpson, alone in front, nursed a guide-book.

"*En avant!*" cried Simpson in his best French-taught-in-twelve-lessons accent.

Gaspard muttered an oath to his animals. They pulled bravely. The rope snapped—and they trotted gaily down the hill with Gaspard.

We hurried after them with the luges . . .

"It's a good joke," said Archie, after this had happened three times, "but, personally I weary of it. Miss Cardew, I'm afraid we've brought you out under false pretences. Thomas didn't explain the thing to you adequately. He gave you to understand that there was more in it than this."

Gaspard, who seemed full of rope, produced a fourth piece and tied a knot that made even Simpson envious.

"Now, Samuel," I begged, "do keep the line taut this time. Why do you suppose we put your apricot suit right in the front? Is it, do you suppose, for the sunset effects at eleven o'clock in the morning, or is it that you may look after the rope properly?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Cardew," said Simpson, feeling that somebody ought to apologise for something and knowing that Gaspard wouldn't, "but I expect it will be all right now."

We settled down again. Once more Gaspard cursed his horses, and once more they started off bravely. And this time we went with them.

"The idea all along," I explained to Miss Cardew.

"I rather suspected it," she said. Apparently she has a suspicious mind.

After the little descent at the start, we went uphill slowly for a couple of miles, and then more rapidly over the level. We had driven over the same road in a sleigh, coming from the station, and had been bitterly cold and extremely bored. Why our present position should be so much more enjoyable I didn't quite see.

"It's the expectation of an accident," said Archie. "At any moment somebody may fall off. Good."

"My dear old chap," said Simpson, turning round to take part in the conversation, "why anybody should fall off . . ."

We went suddenly round a corner, and quietly and without any fuss whatever Simpson left his luge and rolled on to the track. Luckily any possibility of a further accident was at once avoided. There was no panic at all. Archie kicked the body temporarily out of the way; after which Dahlia leant over and pushed it thoughtfully to the side of the road. Myra warded it off with a leg as she neared it; with both hands I helped it into the deep snow from which it had shown a tendency to emerge; Miss Cardew put a foot out at it for safety; and Thomas patted it gently on the head as the end of the "tail" went past . . .

As soon as we had recovered our powers of speech—all except Miss Cardew, who was in hysterics—we called upon Gaspard to stop. He indicated with the back of his neck that it would be dangerous to stop just then; and it was not until we were at the bottom of the hill, nearly a mile from the place where Simpson left us, that the procession halted, and gave itself up again to laughter.

"I hope he is not hurt," said Dahlia, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"He wouldn't spoil a good joke like that by getting hurt," said Myra confidently. "He's much too much of a sportsman."

"Why did he do it?" said Thomas.

"He suddenly remembered he hadn't packed his safety-razor. He's half-way back to the hotel by now."

Miss Cardew remained in hysterics.

Ten minutes later a brilliant sunset was observed approaching from the north. A little later it was seen to be a large dish of apricots and cream.

"He draws near," said Archie. "Now then, let's be stern with him."

At twenty yards' range, Simpson began to talk. His trot had heated him slightly.

"I say," he said excitedly. "You——" Myra shook her head at him.

"Not done, Samuel," she said reproachfully.

"Not what, Myra? What not——"

"You oughtn't to leave us like that without telling us."

"After all," said Archie, "we are all one party, and we are supposed to keep together. If you prefer to go about by yourself, that's all right; but if we go to the trouble of arranging something for the whole party——"

"You might have caused a very nasty accident," I pointed out. "If you were in a hurry, you had only to say a word to Gaspard and he would have stopped for you to alight. Now I begin to understand why you kept cutting the rope at the start."

"You have sent Miss Cardew into hysterics by your conduct," said Dahlia.

Miss Cardew gave another peal. Simpson looked at her in dismay.

"I say, Miss Cardew, I'm most awfully sorry. I really didn't—— I say, Dahlia," he went on confidentially, "oughtn't we to do something about this? Rub her feet with snow or—I mean, I know there's *something* you do when people have hysterics. It's rather serious if they go on. Don't you burn feathers under their nose?" He began to feel in his pockets. "I wonder if Gaspard's got a feather?"

With a great effort Miss Cardew pulled herself together. "It's all right, thank you," she said in a stifled voice.

"Then let's get on," said Archie.

We resumed our seats once more. Archie took Dahlia's feet on his lap. Myra took mine. Miss Cardew took Thomas's. Simpson clung tight to his luge with both hands.

"Right!" cried Archie. Gaspard swore at his horses. They pulled bravely. The rope snapped—and they trotted gaily up the hill with Gaspard.

We hurried after them with the luges . . .

A. A. M.

## DISAPPEARING GENTLEMEN.

*THE DAILY MAIL'S* "own correspondent" at Rome relates in a recent issue the strange experience of a generous Canadian rejoicing in the name of Gaway. While he was visiting the Forum a man, who appeared to be an Englishman, approached him and entered into conversation:—

"The stranger said he was going to be received by the Pope, to whom he had to present a sum of money, but that he had not the full amount in his possession. The Canadian lent him £100, whereupon the stranger disappeared."

On communicating with our own correspondents in several other capitals, we have been able to obtain evidence of several other cases in which the superb confidence and generosity of the representatives of the Dominions are worthy of at least equal note. Thus, a New Zealander named Googley was standing on the Rialto the day before yesterday, when a man, who appeared to be a Scotsman, engaged him in conversation. The stranger informed Googley that he was about to have an audience of the Doge of Venice, to whom he had to present a purse of 50,000 sovereigns from the Italian community resident in Portobello, Scotland. As he was unfortunately £5,000 short, the New Zealander promptly lent him that sum, whereupon the canny Caledonian vanished into thin air.

A wealthy Newfoundland named McGuggins, who has recently been visiting St. Petersburg, was accosted a few days ago by what appeared to be a Manxman. In the course of an animated conversation the Manxman explained that he had come all the way from the Isle of Man to engage in a three-legged race with the Tsar against two of the most notorious Grand Dukes. Unluckily he had not enough money in his possession to pay for the regulation costume enjoined by the Procurator of the Holy Synod—viz., "shorts" of cloth of gold and a jersey embroidered with precious stones. McGuggins at once agreed to lend him a quantity of uncut jewels, which the Manxman promised to return after the race, but, strange to say, he has not been heard of since. On enquiry at the Imperial Palace at Tsarsko Selo, McGuggins was assured that no such contest was in prospect or indeed had ever been contemplated by any member of the Romanoff family.

A South Australian named Swallow was recently visiting the Acropolis at Athens, when a total stranger, who in dress, accent and demeanour appeared to be a perfect Welsh gentleman, came



## PERFIDIOUS MAN.

*Constable.* "WHAT'S THE MATTER, SIR? SUFFRAGETTES BEEN A-TAMPERIN' WITH YOUR LOCK?"

*Belated Reveller.* "No, I DID IT MYSELF, BUT THE LITTLE DEARS ARE GOING TO—TO GET THE BLAME FOR MY BEING SO LATE, WHAT?"

up and asked his assistance. He had obtained a concession to erect a beautiful week-end bungalow on the Plains of Marathon for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, but unless he could deposit £10,000 with the Greek Government that day the option would lapse. Mr. Swallow at once furnished the sum, whereupon the stranger, genially observing "a man with a name like yours is capable of anything," suddenly became invisible and has not yet been discovered by the Athenian police.

## Impending Apology to Lord Kitchener's Cook.

"CAIRO, Tuesday Night. Kiamil Pasha dined with Lord Kitchener to-night.—Central News."

A report was widely circulated yesterday that Kiamil Pasha was dead."

*Daily Telegraph.*

"He is a ruler of a type which most of us supposed had become as extinct as the dodo."

*Daily Colonist (B.C.).*

As the antimacassar, anyway.



*Socialist Demagogue.* "THE EMPIRE, FORSOOTH! AND WHAT'S THAT, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS; THE EMPIRE'S AN INVENTION OF THE TORIES!"

### THE LAST STAND.

*(Golf will appear for the first time in the Olympic Games' programme for 1916.)*

FETTERS of sloth hang round and hobble us,  
Swiftly the webs are spun;  
Scarce have we time ere the spiders gobble us  
To utter "Jack Robinson."  
Chief of our shames, we have lost our claims  
To excel the world at Olympic Games;  
We are heirs no more to the old Discobolus;  
We can neither leap nor run.

Where, ah where shall we seek asylum?  
How shall we gild again,  
Fallen and tarnished deep, the whilom  
Coronals? Frank and Dane  
Filch from our brows the olive boughs;  
Sprinters we have, but they halt like cows;  
And as for our chess and our chucking the pilum—  
Ah, stop! It is too much pain.

Thus did I muse, and my heart debated  
Sadly about Berlin;  
Here, I thought, shall the lease undated  
Of Albion's pride fall in!  
We shall gain no goal, I said to my soul,  
We shall fall at the foot of the greaséd Pole,  
We shall bow our heads to the Czech, checkmated,  
We shall yield the palm to the Finn.

When lo! like a sun-burst seen through vapour  
As a three-days' fog clears off,  
I found this par in my morning paper,  
"Hellas embraces golf":  
German and Yank, you may keep your swank  
With the quivering lath and the diver's tank,  
But who shall best o'er the bunker caper,  
And joust in the sand-filled trough?

None, I think, but the loved of Heaven  
Whose path is the ancient green,  
Whose hearts are buoyed with the sea-dogs' leaven,  
Whose brand is the iron keen;  
Only the race with the brassic face  
That follow the spheres in a long, stern chase,  
That still putt out as the tars of Devon  
Put out to the Spaniard's teen.

Here (so carry our drives, O Castor,  
Pollux our chip-shots eke)  
I will wager a crown to a mere piastre  
That Teuton and Gaul and Greek  
And the far-away Japs and the sledge-borne Lapps  
Shall fall to our plus-four handicaps,  
And the god shall fasten the oleaster  
To the blade of a British cleek.

EVOE.



THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.





*Child. "GOIN' SHOPPIN', MUVER?"*

*Child. "GOIN' SHOPPIN' DOWN RYE LANE, MUVER?"*

*Mother. "YUS, DEARIE."*

*Mother. "NO, DEARIE; MOTHER ISN'T DRESSED FOR RYE LANE."*

#### TEMPORARY COMPANIONS.

[“Wanted, at once, as temporary companion.”—*Advt.*]

ARE you lonely? Are you going a journey? Are you bored, or busy, or cross? If so, ring up Mayfair 000123 and state your wants; we will supply them.

The subjoined is only a small selection from what we can do. If you don't see what you need in the catalogue, ring us up and say so.

#### SECTION I.—TRAVEL DEPARTMENT.

Companions for any length of journey, from Euston to Willesden, from Putney to Pekin. Good conversationalists (better than the most engrossing railway novel) always on hand. Also a special line for those who prefer taciturnity. Sitters-opposite, with faces that do not irritate. The longest and most tiresome journey a pleasure.

In ordering, kindly state whether companion is wanted draught-proof or capable of resisting asphyxia from tightly-closed windows.

Are you a bad sailor? Our chatty Channelites banish sea-sickness more effectually than drugs.

#### SECTION II.—SOCIAL.

To those about to settle in a new neighbourhood. Remember the importance of first impressions. Our Visiting Companions will see you through this trying ordeal. Sent down on receipt of wire for any period, from a week-end upwards. Fit and Finish guaranteed. Take one of our Companions with you when returning your first calls. The result will surprise you.

#### SECTION III.—POLITICAL.

Companions of all shades of opinion can be forwarded at a moment's notice. Enormous success of our new speciality—the Feeble Opponents. *A child could convince them!* Try one for your father or husband. Ill-temper a thing of the past. A grateful client writes:—“You deserve the blessing of every woman who has learnt to dread the very mention of politics. Since I heard of your Convertible Land-Taxers, home has been a different place. Please send me another half-dozen, as those we had were all used on the morning after Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's last speech.

What about those boring Relations?

Let us deal with them for you. Our Companions in this department receive the oldest story with peals of unforced merriment. Uncle's visit over before you know it!

Many other varieties to select from. Purse-holders for Sales. (Ladies safeguarded through the most tempting shops, and only allowed to purchase articles of which they are in actual need. A long-felt want!) Also our Fourteenths at Table, Theatre Companions (Thrilled, Amused, or Critical—state variety required), and a thousand others.

Write to-day!

“DR. MABIE'S LECTURES  
‘THE BACKGROUND OF FACE’ READ AT  
IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY.”

*Japan Times.*  
We find that a three-and-sixpenny green felt shows ours up best.

From a calendar:—

“O that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it comes!  
*Troilus & Cressida*, iii. 3.”

O that a man might know the end of  
*Julius Caesar* (v. 1)!

## FORCED CARDS.

I USUALLY defend myself by claiming that my mind isn't built for learning card games. I have cynical friends who say, "Why drag in card games?" but, of course, they exaggerate. My mind is equal to any amount of politics, law, and finance. The moment I sit down at a little green table, however, I am chastened, shamed, publicly humiliated.

It usually happens like this. Suppose it is evening. I am tired, and I sit down with the relish of the tired business man who has been sitting down all day. I pick up a book or a newspaper or a time-table, and muse over it. Just as I begin to enjoy myself comfortably, in rush Ruth and Alice and Jack.

"Come on, Uncle, join us at Snitch!" they cry, and flock about me.

"Is it a restaurant?"

"No, it's something like Double Dummy Mumps, only faster."

Instantly I perceive their meaning. They mean cards. I am not so easy.

"I don't know it. Never played it. I am very sorry, but my experience in such games is very lim—"

"That doesn't make any difference," they cry. "We can teach you."

"You can't." I state this with certainty. "It's been attempted."

"Oh, yes, we can. You'll get it all in a second. Why, it's one of the simplest games."

Wearily I lay down the paper. There is no hope. All is lost. We wake a sleeping card-table in the corner of the room, set it on its unwilling feet, and sit down about it. Alice produces a huge pack of cards and hands them to Jack, who proceeds to arrange and disrange them in a purposeless sort of way.

"Now explain the game, please," I venture. "How do you play?"

"The idea," says Jack, "is not to get sevens. And of course the Ace of Diamonds counts ten."

This is the way such people always begin.

"Yes, but what do I do? Do I hand the cards to my partner, or put them on the table, or stuff them one by one into my pockets, or just put them in piles? And what happens to the pile in the middle of the table?"

There is a general sigh of weariness about the table. "Oh, you'll see in a minute when you've started playing."

I wait impatiently and apprehensively. Presently I find myself with about a dozen cards in my hands. On the backs are some very pretty pictures, representing Sir WALTER RALEIGH (brown and black) before Windsor Castle (mostly black) throwing a brown cloak into a black puddle, while QUEEN ELIZABETH (brown), followed by brown gentlewomen, steps all over it. As an

I do so, and breathe again. The game goes on.

But my respite is short. In a moment they are after me again. I am frozen with terror. My hands shake.

"What do I do?"

"Put down three more. No, not there . . . over here! Good." There is a murmur of applause. But Alice has been looking over my shoulder, "to help me," as she explains it. She gasps.

"Good heavens, you played the Queen of Sheba!" she cries to a horrified audience. "Never mind, Uncle. We shan't count it this time." Her tone is indulgent. "You couldn't be expected to know that it counts thirty against you."

The next time my turn comes round my heart is in my boots. I play three cards. Alice watches me again.

"No, Uncle, not those cards . . . no, no, not that one . . . Haven't you even got them sorted? Now discard. No, not into your pocket. No, not under the table . . . There . . . that's right . . . No, here! Now play three . . . No, not those . . . there!"

So the game progresses. I am led as the blind. At last the process ends, the scores are added. I am minus eighty-three. I am miserable.

"You did beautifully," they all assure me in chorus. "You'll learn the game in another jiffy. Don't you think it's fun? Now for another."

Quietly but resolutely I rise to my feet. "I am very sorry," I say, "I have a headache, or something. I regret that I cannot join you in another round. The subject is a painful one. Good night."

"Lostwithiel was easy-going in a general way, but when he did put his foot down upon any point he was immovable."

*Family Herald.*  
Thus differing from us, who are particularly mobile on such occasions.

## Life's Little Tragedies.

"But to claim that because a sprinter can cover a hundred yards in ten seconds, that therefore he can accomplish a speed of better than three miles an hour, is to talk nonsense."

*Sheffield Independent.*

It is pathetic that, at the very moment when he was about to crush his opponent, the writer should have been let down by a careless compositor.



First Bluejacket. "I OFFEN WONDERS, BILL, WHY PARSONS ALWAYS WEARS THEIR COLLARS GOIN' ASTERN."



*Village Orator (seconding a proposition for the repair of the reading-room roof). "I THINK YOU'LL ALL AGREE THAT THE ROOF DOES LEAK VERY BAD. ESPECIALLY IS THIS NOTICEABLE IN WET WEATHER."*

### THE REVIVAL.

AWAKE, my Muse; O idle Muse, awake.  
There was a time, and not so long ago,  
When we habitually did betake,

From morn's young flush till dinner's tardy glow,  
Ourselves to song: when we went near to break  
All records with a fine unfailing flow,  
So full, so pure, that people wondered how  
We did it—as I sometimes wonder now.

Delia it was that then controlled our song,  
Delia that ruled our most surpassing lays;  
Her charms that swept us, so to speak, along  
As on a wave. In such a maiden's praise  
The veriest idiot could not go far wrong,  
So fair was she. Why, in that goodly phase,  
We did our piece *per diem*; once, by heaven,  
In one triumphant burst we managed seven.

O Inspiration, never have I known  
Aught to compare with that imperious prime.  
Her (fair) hair sang itself; her eyes alone  
(Blue, luckily) were pools of various rhyme.  
On these and on her figure (all her own)  
We sang magnificently till, as I'm  
A sinner, she remarked that she could not  
Stand any more—which chilled me like a shot.

For Delia, though too late we learned it, lacked  
One charm for want of which all charms are vain;  
The very music which one might have backed  
To sweeten lemons filled her heart with pain.

It was a crushing blow. In point of fact,  
I made a dark oath not to sing again,  
But put my songs away and in my throes  
Woved my snubbed soul thenceforth to dullest prose.  
But now again there rises in my breast  
A quickening zeal to sing the long day through;  
I think I feel the better for the rest.  
Then wake! We need not tackle aught that's new.  
Our Delia's old collection, if redrest  
And slightly altered here and there, will do.  
'Tis Araminta now that rules our lay,  
A better girl than Delia, any day. DUM-DUM.

### "TORY PARTY SPLIT OVER BONAR LAW.

It would appear that the Bonar Law as an issue has been discredited and that it will be abandoned by the party as an active measure."

*Manila Daily Bulletin.*

Mr. BONAR LAW has had hard things said of him by his opponents at home, but until this outburst in the Philippines, no one, not even his worst enemies, had ever referred to him as an "issue" or an "active measure."

From a list of prices in an Evesham cinema palace:—  
"Fantails. One shilling."  
Ordinary pigeons, sixpence.

"SLIPS THAT LOST GOALS.  
How HULL CITY WON AT CRAVEN COTTAGE.  
Fulham .. 0 Hull City .. 0"

*Daily Chronicle.*

Apparently one of the "slips" that lost Hull City some goals was due to the printer.

## A SUFFRAGE COMEDIETTA.

SHE was going round selling *The Militant* and making converts, and she was shown in just as I was busy over the housekeeping books, after breakfast. She was young and pretty and tailor-built.

"I'm Maud Timmins," she began (she had a charming smile); "I daresay you've heard of me?"

"Yes," I said, "I think I have. But—are you *really* a Suff? I didn't know any of you were like *you*! I had a notion of *spectacles* and *goloshes*, you know, and a *forty-five-inch waist*."

She laughed. "Oh, well, we have some dear devoted women who are perhaps a little in that way. But, for making converts, we find we must employ youth and charm and brightness; that's why I want *you*!"

"It's awfully sweet of you to say so" (that's *me* talking), "but my time is simply *frightfully* full—what with social engagements, acting as Papa's housekeeper, and preparing for my marriage in three months' time."

Her face grew beautifully serious. "But there's a higher part of you that wants something higher than all this—that wants a *Vote*!"

"Oh," I replied, "I shall have a vote when I'm married! Jack will vote exactly as I tell him."

She held up her hand reprovingly. "With that brow, it's no use trying to hide your higher self. Doesn't your heart *throb* when you hear of the great Woman's Movement?"

I said it hadn't throbbed up to now. "And as for my *brow*," I went on, "please, *please* don't look at it! My hair isn't really *properly* done yet."

Well, she talked and talked, and before she left she'd made me promise to go to a great meeting the next night. "Our glorious Claribel is to speak!" she told me.

"But I thought she was abroad?" I said.

"Supposed to be," she answered. "But she's just getting herself smuggled across the Channel in a big packing-case marked 'Explosives.' Isn't she grand?"

I've been to the meeting. It was Jack's evening for coming, but I couldn't help that. It was splendid! Maud Timmins looked *sweet* in pink *cachemire-de-soie*. She sat by me for a time and told me who was who. There was Mary Holmes, who managed to get into the House of Commons and tied herself to the SPEAKER's chair; and there was Grace Clutterbuck, with her arm in a sling (in reaching up to slap a policeman she grazed her poor dear

hand against his horrid hard helmet!), and lots of other heroines. And when the famous Claribel appeared on the platform, oh there was such clapping and cheering! And when she told us what it felt like to cross the Channel in a big packing-case marked "Explosives" we all stood up and screamed, and seven ladies were carried out choking!

When I got home I found Papa and Jack smoking together.

"I'm one of them!" I cried. "I've joined the W. S. P. U. Here are my sash and badge and card of membership! Oh, it was so *splendid* to-night! Claribel is so *grand*, and Maud Timmins is so *sweet*, and they're all such *brave*, *determined* *darlings*! And I felt such a poor *worm* among them, never having broken anything or burnt anything or been in prison."

Jack looked glum, and Papa sighed and said, "You've been happy enough up to now, Kitty, without a vote."

"This is not a question of *happiness*, Papa," I told him. "It's a question of righting a wrong—or abolishing an injustice—of doing something I can't remember to a thing I've forgotten—"

Papa burst out laughing and I turned away. "I don't expect sympathy in the matter from *you*, Papa," I said, "but I don't despair of making *Jack* see eye to eye with me."

Jack sees eye to eye with me, and I could wish it might stop there. I've taken him to several meetings, and he's even more enthusiastic now than I am. I've introduced him to Maud Timmins, and she's had a great deal to say to him. I don't think I like her quite so much as I did. Jack simply *raves* about her. "She's a *ripper*!" he said yesterday. "The idea of such a woman as that not having a *vote*—or anything else she wants! She's the prettiest, cleverest, most charming girl I ever met—except you, of course, Kitty," he added, *almost as if it were an after-thought*.

I don't see *how* I'm to get through all my social and domestic duties and work for the W. S. P. U. as well.

Jack and I were to have gone to a great meeting to-night, at which Maud Timmins was to tell of her frightful experiences at Holloway; but I had a headache, or thought I had, and said I wouldn't go. *He actually went without me!* "Of course you wouldn't wish me to stay away too, dear," he said; "you've the Cause too much at heart for that. What message shall I give your friend, Maud?—Miss Timmins, I should say."

I looked at him. "I have no friend called Maud," I said frightfully coldly, "and I have no message for Miss Timmins," and I went up to my room and shut the door with the bang of an injured woman.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm not one of them any longer! I put it to you—how can a girl run her father's house, keep no end of social engagements, prepare for her own wedding, and at the same time sell *The Militant* outside railway-stations and places, speak at street-corner meetings, break windows, throw things into letter-boxes, and pour stuff on golf-greens? It stands to reason that one set of duties must go; and so I've had to sever my connection with the W. S. P. U., and have sent back my sash, badge, flags and everything.

Of course they'll all despise me, call me a doll, a weakling, a reactionary in an upholstered cage, and all that sort of thing. But I don't care. Anyhow, Jack won't see that Maud Timmins any more!

\* \* \* \* \*

I've told Papa and Jack. They didn't twit me a bit. We had a regular cosy fireside evening to-night, with music and chat. After all, be it never so voteless, there's no place like Home! Jack was nicer and more devoted than ever—but still I'm glad he won't have any more chats with that Timmins creature.

During the evening I went to fetch Papa a book he wanted from the library, and on my return, when I was just outside the drawing-room door, I heard him say to Jack, "It was a capital idea of yours, my boy, and for all our sakes I'm delighted it's worked out so well!"

"What clever thing has Jack been doing?" I asked as I went into the room. But I never heard what it was, for he immediately began to tell me of a dear little house in Mayfair that he thought we might go and look at.

From the artistic point of view the chief success of the evening was scored by Mr. Joseph Bull, whose banjo selections were executed with great brilliance. A complete master of his instrument, Mr. Bull gave a splendid rendering of Wagner's "Tannhauser."—*Surrey Mirror*.

What we always say is, if we can't hear Tannhauser on the ocarina we don't want to hear it at all.

"Mr. C. L. Baillieu, who is rowing in the Oxford crew, is a son of Mr. W. L. Baillieu, Acting-Agent General for Victoria, pending the arrival of Mr. Peter McBride."—*Standard*. When Mr. BAILLIEU, junior, will resign and accept a nephewsip.

## ART AND UTILITY.

[English Verse Composition is now threatened as a feature of modern education. The following correspondence is published without any guarantee as to its authenticity.]

DEAR FATHER,—Since a school expects  
Its junior members to be dumb  
About the manifold defects  
Of comfort and curriculum,  
I have, until the present term,  
Observed that custom, like a worm.

But now must ask you if I ought  
To waste my time and, what is worse,  
To waste your money, being taught  
The art (?) of writing English verse;  
No art, I hear, since HOMER's day  
Has ever yet been made to pay.

If you could see the little swines  
Who take the prize for this offence,  
Could see the masters alter lines  
And turn their rubbish into sense,  
You would, I really think, agree  
That this is not the place for me.

\* \* \* \* \*  
DEAR ALFRED,—Yours of 2nd inst.  
Is just to hand, and in reply  
Would beg to say I am convinced  
That—though, of course, in days  
gone by  
It didn't pay the bards to sing—  
Now there is money in the thing.

Before commercial enterprise  
Had reached its present happy state,  
When people didn't advertise,  
But left the sale of goods to Fate  
Or merit, then the artist's trade  
Was very often under-paid.

The painter's pictures didn't sell,  
The writer couldn't place his stuff;  
But now that pretty posters tell,  
And polish pleases in a puff,  
There is a chance for cultured lads  
To make a fortune out of ads.

## THE UNEXPECTED.

UPON the Variety stage they are known as Jolly Jackson and Dreary Drew, Cross-talk Comedians. Jolly Jackson is full of irrepressible fun; Dreary Drew relies for his humour upon an exaggerated melancholy. In private life they are known as Alf and Monte, and it is with their private life that we are for the moment concerned.

The scene is a sitting-room interior. The remnants of breakfast are on the table. Before the fire a thin, pale, lugubrious man is seated, reading *The Music Hall Mirror*. This is Monte.

The door opens, and a jolly little red-faced man enters and pirouettes across the room, singing—

"Oh, why did I fancy Nancy  
When Nancy did not fancy me?"

"Shut up," growls Monte.



*Eminent Professor.* "AND SO YOU SEE, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, THE ELECTRONS OR B PARTICLES WHICH ARE EXPelled FROM THE ATOM LOSE THEIR KINETIC ENERGY BY IMPINGING ON THE GASEOUS MOLECULES, WHICH THEY IONISE, AND WHEN THEIR VELOCITY IS REDUCED SUFFICIENTLY ARE EVENTUALLY SWALLOWED UP."

*Dear Young Lady.* "OH, I SEE; BUT WHAT FEARFULLY ROUGH LUCK ON THE ELECTRONS!"

Alf—for it is he—perches upon the edge of the table and beams upon his partner. "I have had an idea," he says solemnly. "It is a new turn for us which will storm the town. Every nut will be cracked about it. It is to be an imaginary conversation between the Devil and the Deep Sea." He roars with laughter and dances round the room, singing—

"Any sum from five pounds to five thousand  
Lent upon your note of hand."  
If that were only true  
No more work I'd do—  
Oh, what a happy, happy land!"  
"I shall play the Deep Sea," he continues, alighting once more upon the table, "while you, with your unerring dramatic instinct, will give a vivid impersonation of—" But Monte has risen and solemnly leaves the room.

Now comes the question to which we have been leading up all this while—*Which of these two is Jolly Jackson and which is Dreary Drew?*

No, gentle reader, you are quite wrong. The merry Alf is Jolly Jackson, the melancholy Monte is Dreary Drew. That is why we have called our story "The Unexpected."

## From a seed catalogue:—

"When the quantity in a penny packet is not stated, but only the price per oz., the quantity may be estimated in the following way:—If the price, for example, is 1s. per oz., a penny packet will contain about one-twelfth of an oz., or to put it in another way, twelve penny packets would make about one oz. If the price is 6d. per oz., six packets will make about one oz., and so on."

Dullish people, gardeners.

## THE MOESO-GOTHS.

"AND where," said Francesca, "shall we go for the holidays?"

"Holidays!" I said. "Holidays! What inspiration made you mention that beautiful word?"

"Well," she said, "Easter's coming on, you know. It's quite early this year, and if we don't make up our minds soon we shall be too late: we shall get left."

"But, of course, we will make up our minds," I said. "Minds were given to us in order that we might make them up. Only first let us dwell for a moment on the vision roused by the word 'holidays.' Do you see it, Francesca? The weary labourer resting in some haunt of immemorial peace, recovering his energy for the toil that is yet to be accomplished, while his wife and children bring him refreshment and minister to his needs. Stop! Don't speak. Don't shatter it. Don't—"

"Oh, but that's not at all my vision," she said.

"There," I said, "it's gone. You've driven it away. Cold, callous and cruel one, you have murdered a vision."

"But if I drove it away first I couldn't have murdered it."

"Yes, you could," I said. "You drove it away, you know, and then you sprinted after it and beat it on the head. Anyhow, it's dead."

"Mine isn't," she said dreamily; "mine's alive and kicking. I see a handsome, matronly woman reposing in the midst of a glowing Southern landscape, while her children weave garlands of roses for her and sing songs about her resting-place. I see—"

"Isn't there a man in it?" I said.

"Yes," she said in a rapt voice. "I see a cloaked figure of a man not yet past the prime of life. He advances slowly. The children implore him to withdraw. He still advances. Now he uncloaks himself. No, no! I can bear much, but not this." She buried her face in her hands and shuddered.

"Bravo, Ellen Terry!" I said. "And now, perhaps, you'll begin to talk sense. Not all the time, of course—one mustn't expect too much—but every now and then."

"Right-o," she said.

"Francesca," I said, "I really cannot allow you to talk slang."

"Oh, but it isn't real slang. It's early English. All the early English said 'Right-o'."

"But you," I said, "are not early English. You are—"

"I," she said with a proud air, "am Indo-Germanic with a dash of Mooso-Gothic; but I have married into an early English family."

"What jargon is this?" I said.

"Jargon!" she said. "I read it in a learned article last week. If I have remembered it correctly, am I to be blamed?"

"Yes, Francesca," I said, "you are. The shock of hearing these awful words from your lips has unmanned me. Indo-Germanic, indeed!"

"But there were Indo-Germans once, you know. They lived; they ate Indo-Germanic food; they talked Indo-Germanic; they made love to one another. Tell me, oh tell me, you who are a Master of Arts, what is the Indo-Germanic for 'I will be a sister to you'?"

"They never said it. But the what's-his-name Goths did. Only I can't quite remember the run of it."

"Don't worry," she said. "It'll come back to you. And, talking of coming back, let's settle about the holidays."

"Yes," I said eagerly, "let's. You begin, and when you've done your half, I'll chip in with mine."

"No," she said, "I don't like that way. It doesn't seem to give me a fair chance. You begin."

"Let me tell you then," I said, "that I don't want any holidays at all. I'm willing to sit tight and go on working. I'm one of the bull-dog breed."

"But the best bull-dogs don't sit tight," she said. "They prowl."

"I'm not one of that sort. I'm one of the tight-sitting dangerous ones."

"Very well," she said, "I'll take the children somewhere, and you stay here. You can keep an eye on the workmen."

"The workmen!" I said. "What workmen?"

"The workmen who are going to pull down the wall between the bathroom and the little dressing-room."

"But—"

"Now you're going to say you haven't been consulted."

"Not I," I said. "You laid it all before me. I know all the details and object to most of them. I won't have it done. Besides, think of the dust. I shall choke."

"Then," she said, "you'd better come with me and the children. The workmen won't miss you."

"Francesca," I said, "why are you prizing me up with a lever? However, I will once more yield. No, you must not praise me. Nature made me like that, and I can't help it. Now we will settle where to go. See, I have torn three strips of paper. The long one is for—shall we say Tunis?"

"I should love Tunis," she said.

"The shorter one is for—What's the shorter one for?"

"South Africa," she suggested.

"So be it. And the shortest one is for—"

"Brighton," she said very firmly.

"Yes, we'll call it Brighton. Now observe: I place them thus between my closed fingers so that they all look the same length. You pull one of them out, and whichever it is that's the one we go to. I hope you follow me."

"To the end of the world," she said, and promptly pulled out the longest strip.

"Dear old Tunis," I said.

"No," she said. "Good old Brighton. This is the shortest strip. Isn't it the duckiest little half-inch of holiday-paper you ever saw?"

"Francesca," I said sternly, "you have torn off the best part of Tunis."

"It's lucky it came out like that," she said, "for I've got the same lodgings we had two years ago."

R. C. L.

## ON A FRIEND OF MY WIFE'S.

On you who, with insuff'able conceit,

Take ev'ry favour as the wage of worth,

Deeming yourself the very salt of earth,

Carping fastidious at the food you eat,

Though charity it is that finds you meat;

Disdaining snobbishly the careless mirth

And lively joys of those of humbler birth,

Their cheery greetings scorning in the street;—

On you, whose artful blandishments have won

My wife's fond love, as she, unshamed, avows,

I well might wreak swift vengeance with my gun,

But, being a Scot whom pawky methods please,

I'll sell you unbeknownst, then chide my spouse

For losing you—her precious Pekingese.

Under a photograph in *The Onlooker*, which shows Emmanuel acknowledging a bump in the Lent Races, the following admonition occurs: "Note how the cox of the victorious crew claims 'a bump' with uplifted hand." Our contemporary is in error in supposing that these races are rowed backwards.



#### THE CHILD IS DAUGHTER OF THE WOMAN.

*Suffragette (just home after a strenuous day and expecting important correspondence). "HAVE ANY LETTERS COME FOR ME?"*

*Daughter. "YES, MOTHER, BUT I TORE THEM UP FOR A DOLLS' PAPER-CHASE."*

*Suffragette. "TORE THEM UP! I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH BEHAVIOUR! HAVEN'T I OFTEN TOLD YOU THAT LETTERS ARE SACRED THINGS?"*

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)*

It will be happy news to many that Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS has written another epic about Dartmoor folk. In many ways, apart from its actual length (and Mr. PHILLPOTTS was never one for scant measure) I should regard *Widecombe Fair* (JOHN MURRAY) as a big book. Its scope and aim, nothing less than to tell the human comedy of an entire district, make it the largest achievement that its author has so far to his credit. Mr. PHILLPOTTS himself says in his Preface that the idea of the work has been maturing for twenty years; and I for one can well believe it. Look at the very title! It is amazing how a Dartmoor writer can have so long refrained from using it. Sooner or later Mr. PHILLPOTTS was almost morally bound to tell us the true histories of certain immortals, known hitherto only as a string of beloved names. They are all here, they and their families, the *Pierces*, the *Harry Hawkes*, the *Gurneys*, and the rest, even down to *Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh*. You will scarce make their nearer acquaintance without a thrill. These, however, are but a handful amid a crowd of characters to be numbered by the score, so that the book becomes not so much a single story as a collection, from which everyone

may choose a different favourite. My own would be the diverting history of *Farmer Sweetland* and his courtships. The spectacle of a pampered egoist, robbed of his self-esteem and, later, happy in its recovery, is very aptly conveyed. I liked *Widecombe Fair* so well that I am the more sorry to find its Preface, already alluded to, revealing Mr. PHILLPOTTS as very cross with somebody. He complains that he has been condemned for the large part played by inanimate nature in his stories. Well, for myself, remembering the delight I have taken—and it is here renewed—in his gift of scene-painting, all I can say is, "Please, Sir, it wasn't me!"

If you are still in any doubt as to where the "life romantic" is to be discovered in our sordid modern civilisation, go to RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. He knows. It centres (I mean centers) in the offices of a great American newspaper. Nearly all the stories in *The Red Cross Girl* (DUCKWORTH) hinge on the possibility of fame or adventure that lie, like the quest of the Grail, before the star reporter of a Transatlantic print. By far the best of these tales, I think, is the one called "The Grand Cross of the Crescent," which tells how Dr. Gilman, of Stillwater College, the obscure author of *The Rise and Fall of the Turkish Empire*

in five volumes, ploughed *Peter Hallowell*, son of the millionaire founder and supporter of that institution, in Ancient History; how for that reason he incurred the wrath of *Cyrus Hallowell*, and the time-serving Principal, and lost his job; how *Peter*, a good sort after all, was sorry for this and, having been sent to Constantinople to mug up his subject at headquarters for the next examination, secured for the doctor by means of bribes the highest honour that the ruler of Islam could confer on distinguished foreigners; and how a friendly press agent worked up a gigantic boom out of this for the college and all concerned with it, but one which was of no practical use to the kind-hearted *Peter*; for in the end the now famous and reinstated sage, entirely ignorant of the source of his celebrity, remarks, "I regret to tell you, Hallowell, that you are not passed. I cannot possibly give you a mark higher than five." There are other good yarns in this book, and indeed the author may generally be relied upon to "deliver the goods." But I do wish that when in London his characters would do as London does. On this side, for instance, we never "feed buns to the bears" at the Zoo. I don't know how it is done, but I feel sure that the keepers would not allow it.

The only girls we men never fall in love with are those whom our mothers and sisters most persistently recommend for that very purpose. They may be pretty, they may be smart, they may not even be obtrusively good; nevertheless we do not get engaged to them. It is not that our female relatives are actuated by envy or malice; it is simply that men and women do not see eye to eye in the matter of charm. Thus I am unable to agree with Lady RIDLEY as to the probability of *Margery Fytton* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). I find unbelievable the ubiquitous

conquests with which she is credited almost as a matter of course, nor can I think that, with all the fineness of character innate in her and intensified by the tragic circumstances of her youth, she could so easily and immediately have unsettled the affections of her cousins' prospective husbands. It would have been the other way on; her aunt's campaign for the marrying off of her daughters would have been aided by her having *Margery* to live in the house. Interested men would have come there because they were in sympathy with *Margery*, but would have stayed on because they were in love with one of her cousins, for the cousins had, as *Margery* had not, the volatile spirit of sheer femininity which brings men under. The last thing I suggest is that this *Margery* is unreal; she is very lifelike and exactly true to type, but her type is unhappily the wrong one for Lady RIDLEY's purpose. The book is more especially a woman's book, and, while all who read it will be thrilled by the story and fascinated by the minuteness and delicacy of the portraiture, the ladies will go further and flatly refuse to agree for a moment with the one exception I take to it.

An engaging simplicity marks Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS'S

method of telling a tale, and he can mingle a little laughter with a little pathos in delightfully soothing proportions. Of the stories which make up his last book, *The Lady of the Canaries* (BLACKWOOD), one is an experiment in the supernatural, and one has a tragic ending, but the rest are in the spirit of very genial comedy. "Sanderson's Venus" tells how a young painter, inspired by *Simon Jubb*, "the Lucifer of critics, the Don Juan of art, with whom the reputation of no old master was safe," to hunt out other pictures by the unknown author of an incomparable *Madonna* in the Palazzo Montegrigio, "invaded private houses so incessantly that he felt like a gas-inspector," and found out at last—but I shall not tell you what he found out. "The Unfortunate Saint," again, will be welcome to those who remember the writer's previous exercises, in the manner of M. ANATOLE FRANCE, on the careers of holy men. But I must join issue with Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS on one point. In his last study, which he calls "Troubles with a Bear in the Midi," a very moving anecdote that has something of the flavour of R. L. STEVENSON's adventures with the unforgettable *Modestine*, he is in difficulty about the diet of bears, and begins to collate literary testimony. Two features in the tariff are set forth as follows:—

(1) Sons of the prophet—and so, presumably, all men who are not too old. Holy writ was the authority for this item.

(2) Naughty children (this item was derived from vague recollections of romances read in early youth).

As to the "sons of the prophets," I want Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS to read 1 Kings xiii. He will find that his arctology is hopelessly unorthodox.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.  
AN INGENIOUS BUT TACTLESS ARTIFICE PRESENTS JULIUS CESAR WITH HIS BUST MADE FROM AN OSTRICH EGG.

I am convinced by this time that women-novelists adore a strong, silent, rugged hero, who keeps his emotions pent until the flood-gates burst open and the heroine is overwhelmed by a veritable spate of emotion. In the flesh I admit that I have never to my knowledge met this type of man, but in fiction I have a very decided fancy for him as being much more satisfactory than the philanderer who constantly interrupts the story by making love all over the place. In *The Beloved Enemy* (METHUEN), Edmund Curne's manners did not amount—he was an American—to a hill of beans, but he had the patience of a night-watchman and a heart of gold. The lady—Elizabeth Thornton—was perhaps, in spite of her sunniness and beauty, not quite worthy of her prize. Thoughtlessness is sometimes a pardonable defect of nature, but I found it hard to forgive her for neglecting her delightful father when he was critically ill. Madame ALBANESE's theme is the influence of adversity upon character, and she puts Elizabeth through a very severe course of treatment, but still the remembrance of that extraordinary lapse remained to convince one that her heartlessness was so ingrained that not the most powerful doses of ill-fortune could purge it. That, however, is my only murmur, and I only insist upon it because this is the most ambitious—and in many ways the most successful—of Madame ALBANESE's novels.